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A Prodigal Son

A Comedy in One Act

By

RAYMOND M. ROBINSON

*Author of "A Thief in the House," "Fooling
Father," etc.*



BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1912

A Prodigal Son

PS 635

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CHARACTERS

THE WANDERER, *in other words a tramp.*

EZRA LAWLESS, *a lawyer.*

CAROLINE BERKELEY, *widow of Josiah Berkeley.*

HENRIETTA STONE, *her elder sister.*

EMELINE STONE, *her younger sister.*



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A Prodigal Son

SCENE.—*The dining-room in MRS. BERKELEY'S suburban home. A door at the back, C., opening on to the piazza; a window at the left of it. At the left of the stage is another window. Both windows are open. At R. are two doors; one, near the back wall, opens into a china closet; the other opens into an adjoining room. The essential furniture consists of a dining table, R. C., covered with a cloth which hangs nearly to the floor; a large clock in the upper left hand corner of the room, and several chairs. A portrait of the late Josiah Berkeley hangs on the wall, L. Sideboard, L.*

Enter HENRIETTA STONE, C., with a basket of fruit. She sets the basket on the table and goes to the closet, searches for a moment, then turns and calls to her sister.

HEN. Caroline!

CAROLINE BERKELEY (*outside R.*). Yes?

HEN. Where's the cut glass fruit bowl?

CAR. The cut glass fruit bowl?

HEN. The one with the scalloped edges.

CAR. Isn't it there?

HEN. No. I wouldn't ask if it was.

CAR. Didn't you have it last night?

HEN. You washed it this morning. What did you do with it?

CAR. (*entering from R., wiping her hands on a towel*). I don't remember—why, there it is on the sideboard. (HEN. *goes to the sideboard and brings the bowl to the table and begins to arrange the fruit in it.*) It's funny you didn't see it there.

HEN. (*grimly*). Very funny, indeed.

CAR. Henrietta, I wish you'd consult an oculist.

HEN. What for?

CAR. I think you really ought to be wearing glasses.

HEN. I don't need glasses.

CAR. How do you know you don't?

HEN. How do I know anything? What time is it?

CAR. (*glancing at the clock*). Twenty-five minutes to six.

If you can't see the clock from where you are ——

HEN. Did you ever see better apples out of this garden?

CAR. Henrietta, you must have your eyes ——

HEN. (*holding out an apple*). Look at that one! This is still bigger.

CAR. (*giving up the argument*). Yes, they're beauties. If Josiah could see them how he would enjoy them.

HEN. Josiah would enjoy anything he could sink his teeth into.

CAR. He was always a good husband to me.

HEN. You've no reason to suppose that he was a good husband to any other woman, I hope.

CAR. Henrietta!

HEN. Don't Henrietta me so much. You make me nervous.

CAR. I've always been grateful that he provided for me so thoughtfully while he lived.

HEN. You ought to be grateful that he left you so well fixed when he died.

CAR. I am. Twenty-five thousand dollars ——

HEN. Twenty-five thousand isn't a fortune.

CAR. But it's enough for us to live on comfortably the rest of our days.

HEN. I dare say.

CAR. And it always makes me so proud to think that he earned every penny of it himself,—earned it honestly.

HEN. Making linen collars out of cotton cloth.

CAR. Henriet ——

HEN. I suppose that's better than if he made it selling rum.

CAR. And if he was—er—eccentric in some ways ——

HEN. Eccentric! Eccentric's no word for it! Crazy, I call it. There's no other excuse for his making such a provision in his will.

CAR. You mean ——

HEN. Yes, that's just what I mean. There was no excuse, anyway, for raking up a stepbrother he hadn't seen for fifteen years, and a black sheep at that; but when he willed him five thousand collars—collars —— !

CAR. Provided he appeared within a year and claimed the legacy.

HEN. As if he'd show up after fifteen—yes, sixteen years! By the way, it was just a year ago to-day that Josiah died, wasn't it?

CAR. Yes.

HEN. Then if Bartholomew O'Neil Burridge doesn't walk in to-day and claim his five thousand collars he'd better stay away altogether.

CAR. It seems, really, as if I'd like to see him.

HEN. Well, I don't want to see him!

Enter EMELINE STONE, C.

EM. What do you think! I've got some wonderful news!

HEN. Indeed! How exciting!

EM. Alice has three babies!

HEN. Alice!

EM. And in the funniest place!

HEN. Emeline, what nonsense!

EM. In the box stall; and one's all black, and one's most all white, and the third's half and half with three white feet.

HEN. Cats! Why didn't you say so?

EM. I said Alice.

HEN. Alice! I thought you meant the minister's wife.

CAR. And we have three cats already. What shall we do with them?

HEN. Drown 'em!

EM. Drown those dear little things!

HEN. Little nuisances! They'll scratch up my whole garden.

EM. No, they won't.

HEN. (*decisively*). We'll drown 'em anyway.

EM. I don't see how you can be such a heartless —— Oh!

(*She shrieks in terror as she catches sight of the tramp who looks in the window L.*)

CAR. Emeline!

HEN. What's the matter with you?

(*EM. can only point to the window. The WANDERER disappears.*)

CAR. What on earth ——

HEN. For heaven's sake, what do you see?

EM. There in the window.

HEN. (*going to the window*). There's no one there.

EM. But there was. A man looked in.

CAR. A man?

EM. A horrid face—a tramp!

HEN. (*looking out again*). Nonsense, there's no one in sight.

EM. But I saw him—a great big ugly fellow.

HEN. You're always seeing things.

EM. But sister ——— Oh!

(*She shrieks again as the WAND. appears at the window at the back. He disappears as the others turn around.*)

CAR. Why, Emeline ———

EM. (*hysterically*). He was there again. At that window.

HEN. (*going to the window*). I don't see anybody.

CAR. But she must have seen something, Henrietta.

HEN. I don't believe it. (*She leans out the window, her two sisters standing beside her. The WAND. enters the door and stands watching them in silence. He is a burly tramp, in old clothes and battered felt hat. He is a man of middle age, with a round, red, fat face and about ten days' growth of beard. His weight is obviously well over two hundred.*) There ain't a soul in sight.

(*She turns to find herself face to face with the tramp. For a moment she stands speechless with fright. The two other women cling desperately to each other.*)

WAND. Hello, girls. (*HEN. tries in vain to speak.*) Ain't it customary to ask a gentleman to sit down when he calls? H'm? Thank ye, ma'am.

(*He draws up a chair and sits down, depositing his hat on the floor.*)

EM. (*crying*). O-oh! What can we do?

HEN. Shut up!

WAND. Yes, don't cry, please. The sight of tears always makes me feel awful bad. I'm naturally very tender-hearted. I wouldn't drown a kitten for a hundred dollars.

HEN. What do you want?

WAND. Me? Well, I'd kinder like a seventy-hoss power monoplane, but I'd be grateful for a piece of pie.

HEN. You won't get either here.

WAND. All right. I ain't fussy. Anything you happen to have in the house.

EM. Perhaps he's hungry.

WAND. Hungry, ma'am? I'm starved! Don't I look it?

HEN. I should think so. How much do you weigh?

WAND. A hundred and eighteen last birthday.

HEN. Nearer three hundred and eighteen, if appearances count for anything.

WAND. You do me an injustice. Remember you may lose your good looks by the time you're twenty-nine.

EM. (to CAR.). I wish he'd go.

WAND. There, there, little girl, don't be afraid of me. I'm as harmless as a hop-toad in January. All I want is something to eat.

CAR. I'm going to get him some doughnuts. [*Exit, R.*]

WAND. Thank ye, kindly. Them are fine-tasting apples, lady. (*Indicates apples on the table.*)

HEN. How do you know?

WAND. I sampled one out in the yard.

HEN. I'd like to know where the dog was?

WAND. The dog did start for me, but I throwed a bowlder at him and he went flying down the road hell-bent for—excuse me, ma'am—running like time.

(*CAR. returns with a plate of doughnuts and cheese and a napkin.*)

CAR. Would you like this?

WAND. I sure would. (*With his mouth full.*) I ain't been eatin' much lately. You might not believe it, but I've lost thirty pounds in the last four weeks.

HEN. May I ask the cause of this loss of flesh?

WAND. Worry, ma'am, worry and business cares.

HEN. Business! What is your business?

WAND. I'm a travellin' man. I've had a lot of experience in my time. I could a harrowin' tale unfold.

HEN. Well, don't unfold it here.

WAND. No, I won't unfold nothin' more'n a napkin. (*Tucks the napkin under his chin.*) Them are fine doughnuts, ma'am.

CAR. Thank you.

HEN. I should think that a big, strong man like you would be ashamed to go around begging from door to door.

WAND. I am. I'm mortal ashamed. But what's a feller to do when he's in hard luck temporarily?

HEN. 'Tain't hard luck that's the matter with you: it's downright laziness!

EM. Oh, do be careful, Henrietta.

HEN. Humph! I'm not afraid of him.

WAND. No, there don't nobody seem to be afraid of me.

HEN. I don't believe you ever did a stroke of work in your life.

(The WAND. rolls up his sleeve and displays a tattoo mark on his arm.)

WAND. See that? I was a seafarin' man, I was. But I lost my job. I was cook on a pirate ship for six months until one day I put salt in the sugar bowl by mistake. The crew chucked me overboard, but I was fat in them days so I didn't sink. I floated ashore and nigh starved to death before I found my way to a human settlement.

CAR. He doesn't look like a pirate.

EM. Oh, I don't know, Caroline. Look at his eyes!

WAND. Another time I had a responsible position in Wyoming, but the work was too exactin' and I had to resign on account of my health.

HEN. What was the nature of your work?

WAND. Private secretary to an Indian chief.

HEN. Huh!

WAND. And another time ——

HEN. Do you entertain everybody you meet with these stories?

WAND. No, only them that feed me. But once in a while, when I find a sympathetic listener like you ——

HEN. No matter about that. If you're through eating don't let us detain you any longer.

WAND. I'm grateful to you for your kindness, ladies.

(He wipes his mouth on the napkin, then carefully folds it up and puts it in his hip pocket.)

HEN. You can leave the napkin.

WAND. That's just like me. Force of habit. Thought

'twas a handkerchief. (*He puts the napkin on the table.*)
Well, on your way, Bart.

(*He fills his pockets with apples from the table.*)

HEN. Were you invited to help yourself to those apples?

WAND. The Lord helps them that helps themselves.

CAR. Let him have them, Henrietta.

EM. Yes, let him have them.

WAND. I appreciate them words. I sure do. Some time 'raps I'll be able to do you a service. I hope you won't never be in my shoes, but if you are call on old Bart and he'll help you if he can. Well, so long.

(*At the door he pauses and looks around the room casually. Suddenly he catches sight of the portrait on the wall. He walks across the room and examines the picture carefully for a moment in silence.*)

HEN. (*sharply*). Well?

WAND. Who is that?

HEN. What's that to you?

WAND. Who is that?

CAR. That was my husband.

WAND. Was?

CAR. He died a year ago.

WAND. What was his name?

CAR. Josiah Berkeley.

WAND. I thought so.

HEN. What are you talking about?

WAND. I thought so.

EM. (*nervously*). What does he mean?

CAR. Did you know him?

WAND. Once.

CAR. Did you know him very well?

WAND. Fairly well. It's fifteen years since I heard from him last. Nearer twenty since I saw him.

CAR. Was he a friend of yours?

HEN. Caroline!

WAND. A friend? A tramp ain't got any friends.

CAR. But you weren't always a—a —

WAND. A tramp? No, I was half-way decent once. But my father married a widow with a family of her own, and I—I didn't seem to fit in anywhere, so I got out. Went west, tried

my luck at various things, made a little money and lost it. Got mixed up in a lot of adventures that don't need telling, got sick, run up against all the hard luck west of Buffalo and—you see what I am now.

EM. Wouldn't your family help you?

WAND. I didn't ask 'em to.

CAR. Did you live in this town when Mr. Berkeley was young?

WAND. Yes, I knew him when he was a boy.

EM. Caroline, why don't you show him the picture you found?

CAR. I believe I will.

HEN. Caroline, don't be foolish.

(CAR. goes to the closet.)

EM. It's an old daguerreotype that my sister found a while ago among some of Mr. Berkeley's papers.

CAR. This was the first wife of Josiah's stepfather. *(She gives the picture to the WAND. who takes it with some agitation and examines it carefully.)* Her name was Stowe before she was married.

WAND. Mary Stowe?

CAR. You knew her?

WAND. I knew her—very well. *(He looks at the picture in silence for some time. Then he makes a slight gesture as if to put it in his pocket, but quickly recovers his composure and returns it to CAR.)* I thank you very much.

(At the door he pauses to watch CAR. as she replaces the photograph in the closet. Then he goes out through the open door C.)

HEN. Isn't there something else you could have done to entertain him? Why didn't you ask him to stay to supper? Why didn't you take him in the sitting-room while you were about it? Are you going to give receptions like that to all the tramps that come around here begging?

CAR. He's gone now, Henrietta.

HEN. I should hope so.

(She slams the door C., then goes out R.)

EM. Henrietta has a sharp tongue.

CAR. Sometimes I am led to think so.

EM. I think after all she was a little afraid of him.

CAR. I don't believe Henrietta is afraid of anything.

EM. But wasn't it strange that he should have known Josiah?

CAR. Well, he said he lived here when he was a boy.

EM. That's so. [The two go out R.]

(The WAND. looks in at the window again. Then he opens the door stealthily and enters. He goes directly to the closet, searches for a moment and returns with the miniature. For an instant he looks at it, then slips it in his pocket. He makes a quick survey of the room, comes down R. and glances into the adjoining room. As he does so EZRA LAWLESS is seen outside C. approaching the door. At the sound of his step, the WAND. wheels, starts toward the door, and stops, finding his escape cut off. The bell rings.)

HEN. (outside R.). That's the door-bell; I'll go. (The WAND. dives into the closet pulling the door to, but in doing so, knocks a pile of pots and pans onto the floor with a crash. He bursts out of the closet and rushes for the window on the opposite side of the room. Before he is able to reach it, HEN. enters. The WAND. drops to his hands and knees so the dining table conceals him. HEN. goes to the closet.) Who left those pans so they'd fall off onto the floor?

CAR. (outside). You put them away yourself, Henrietta.

HEN. I never left 'em like that.

(She picks them up and puts them back on the shelves. The door-bell rings again. She shuts the closet door and turns to door C. The tramp circles about, still on his hands and knees, keeping the table between him and HEN.)

CAR. (outside). Aren't you going to the door?

(The WAND. dives under the table where he is concealed by the overhanging cloth. CAR. enters R.)

HEN. Who left that door open? I shut it.

CAR. I'm sure I don't know.

HEN. It's very funny! (At the door.) Oh, it's you, Mr. Lawless. Good-afternoon.

Enter LAW., a little gray-haired man in black coat and silk hat.

LAW. Good-afternoon, Miss Stone. Good-afternoon, Mis' Berkeley.

CAR. How do you do, Mr. Lawless?

HEN. (*calling at R.*). Emeline!

LAW. 'This is a beautiful day.

EM. (*entering*). Mr. Lawless!

LAW. Good-afternoon, Miss Stone.

CAR. Let me take your hat.

LAW. No, no, I'll leave it right here.

(*He puts it on the dining table. HEN. promptly picks it up and deposits it on a chair near the window L. In doing so she steps on the WAND.'s finger. He stifles a cry and withdraws still farther under the table.*)

HEN. What did I step on there?

CAR. One of Emeline's kittens probably. They're always under the table.

HEN. Then they'd better keep away. Shoo!

(*She stamps on the floor and shakes the table-cloth.*)

EM. (*reproachfully*). Don't, Henrietta! You'll frighten the poor thing! Come, Beauty!

LAW. Well, ladies —

CAR. Won't you sit down, Mr. Lawless?

LAW. Thank you, thank you. (*LAW. removes his hat from the chair and places it on the floor. He sits down. The women seat themselves on the opposite side of the room.*) Well, ladies —

EM. Don't you feel the draft there, Mr. Lawless?

LAW. Thank you, thank you. (*Moves his chair and hat.*) Well, ladies —

CAR. Won't you find the other chair more comfortable, Mr. Lawless?

LAW. Thank you, thank you.

HEN. For heaven's sake, let him talk.

LAW. Thank you, thank you. Well, ladies, it will take me only a few minutes to complete my errand. It is needless to remind you that this is the anniversary of the decease of my friend and your husband—Mrs. Berkeley's husband, I mean—the late Josiah Berkeley. You will remember the terms of

the will as I read them to you. It will be unnecessary for me to read them again. Suffice it to state that beyond a few directions as to the settlement of the affairs of the Berkeley Brand Collar Company, manufacturers of high grade waterproof collars and cuffs, there was but one bequest, the remainder of the estate passing to the widow. You will recall that the amount in question was to go to Bartholomew O'Neil BurrIDGE—(*the WAND. peers out from beneath the table-cloth, his face wearing an expression of astonishment and incredulity*) stepbrother of the deceased, whereabouts unknown, provided he appeared to claim the—er—legacy within one year of the death of said Josiah Berkeley. To-day being the anniversary of the death of Josiah Berkeley, as I before remarked, the year ends on this date—to be precise, at just six o'clock. If said Bartholomew O'Neil BurrIDGE does not appear on or before that hour to prove his identity and to lay claim to his—h'm—fortune—(*the WAND. starts as if to crawl out from his hiding place*) then, according to the terms of the will, the bequest goes to the New England Refuge for Abandoned Dogs.

HEN. Crazy to the end, wasn't he?

CAR. Henrietta!

LAW. It is needless to ask if you ladies have heard any word of Bartholomew O'Neil BurrIDGE during the year past? Of course not. It is totally unlikely that any of us will ever see him again.

HEN. I hope not, anyway.

CAR. Oh, Henrietta!

HEN. Stop Henriettarin' me! I say 'twas good riddance to bad rubbish when he left town. He was a black sheep and a wild, worthless villain anyway, no credit to himself or his family, and I for one ain't anxious to set eyes on him again.

LAW. He may have been an—h'm—an undesirable, but the will does not take that into consideration. But however that may be, Bartholomew is not here, nor will he be, for it is my candid opinion that he died years ago—rest his soul.

(*The WAND.'s excitement increases.*)

EM. Oh, it can't be. I believe that if he knew the legacy awaited him he would appear.

CAR. How would we know him after so many years? He must have changed.

LAW. That would be easy. I think I would recognize him at once, if only by the funny expression in his left eye. His face was always kind of one sided, like a summer squash. But the conclusive proof of his identity would be the crab on his right arm !

HEN. A crab on his arm !

EM. A crab ! A live one ?

LAW. A crab—tattooed in red ink just above the wrist.

(The position of the WAND., his sleeve pulled well up, makes the tattoo mark plainly visible.)

EM. Oh, how funny !

HEN. How disgusting !

LAW. I believe he had it done when a boy.

HEN. Crab or no crab, I don't believe Bartholomew is going to walk into this house inside of ——

EM. *(glancing at the clock)*. Inside of three minutes.

CAR. Three minutes ?

LAW. *(looking at his watch)*. Inside of three minutes and six seconds.

(The WAND. nervously fumbles in his own empty watch pocket.)

HEN. I don't see the sense of wasting three minutes in waiting for him. Let's get this settled.

LAW. If he wants the five thousand ——

EM. Just think ! Five thousand ——

CAR. Five thousand is considerable ——

(The WAND., unable to restrain himself longer, is about to crawl out.)

HEN. Five thousand what ? Five thousand collars !

(The WAND. pauses, a look of blank bewilderment on his face.)

LAW. That was the bequest. "To my stepbrother, Bartholomew O'Neil Burrige, if he be found within one year from the time of my death, I give and bequeath five thousand collars."

(The WAND., as if dazed, puts his hand to his own collarless neck.)

HEN. (*disgustedly*). Collars !

LAW. If, however, said Bartholomew O'Neil Burridge does not appear —

HEN. In about one minute.

LAW. In about one minute, then the bequest goes to the New England Refuge for Abandoned Dogs.

(*The expression on the WAND.'s face becomes one of indignation.*)

HEN. Dog collars ! (*Pause.*) Well, how long are you going to wait ? Do you expect him to appear now ?

(*The WAND. sits down on the floor, his lips shut resolutely.*)

CAR. Of course not.

EM. No, of course not.

LAW. (*rising, watch in hand*). Bartholomew O'Neil Burridge, stepbrother of Josiah Berkeley, I call upon you to come before me at this—er, minute—to lay claim to this—h'm—bequest, or forever keep silent—er—on that subject. (*The WAND., still indignant, keeps rigidly still.*) Twenty seconds more—ten seconds more—five seconds more—Bartholomew, come and collect your five thousand collars.

WAND. (*unnoticed.*) Damned if I will !

LAW. (*replacing his watch in his pocket*). Time's up !

CAR. Time's up.

LAW. My mission here being executed, I will take my departure at once, ladies. I will attend to the necessary papers. You need have no further care in regard to the matter, I assure you. (*Picks up his hat.*) I wonder if I might have a glass of water before I go ?

CAR. Certainly. (*Starts out R.*)

EM. No, no, I will get it. Let me. [*Both go out R.*

LAW. My throat is as dry as a finnan haddie. (*He follows them out, leaving his hat on the table.* HEN. *walks to door C., and steps outside.* As soon as she is gone the WAND. *crawls out, looks round, and goes to the door.* Finding her there he *turns back.* He catches sight of the silk hat on the table and *tries it on.* He is about to replace it when, moved by an impulse, for a joke he places it on the floor under the table. LAW., *outside.*) Thank you, thank you ; that was a beautiful drink.

(*At the sound of the voice the WAND. hastily takes the only available means of escape and climbs through the window*
L. *In doing so his own hat drops to the floor.*)

Reënter LAW., and the three sisters.

CAR. Call on us again, won't you, Mr. Lawless?

EM. Yes, do.

LAW. Thank you, thank you. (*He pulls out his handkerchief to wipe his mouth. A letter drops to the floor. EM. picks it up for him.*) My goodness, I had forgotten that letter entirely. A special delivery that was handed me just as I started for your house. Will you pardon me if I read it? From my stenographer. "In looking over the papers of your late partner, Mr. Wormwood, I have just discovered the stenographer's notes concerning the will of Josiah Berkeley, also the original copy of the will. In comparing them with your typewritten sheets of the will I find an error in copying. The line in the copy which now reads 'to my stepbrother, Bartholomew O'Neil Burrige—etc.—etc.—five thousand collars'—in the original reads 'five thousand dollars.'"

HEN. Dollars!

CAR. Five thousand dollars!

EM. O-o-oh!

LAW. Dollars! A strange mistake! A careless one! The typewriter struck the C key instead of the D—a mistake of a single letter.

EM. And Uncle Bartholomew would really have gotten five thousand dollars?

HEN. Well, what's the odds now? What do we care whether it's dollars or collars? We don't get any of it, anyway.

LAW. No, it's all the same to you, but so much the better for the New England Refuge for Abandoned Dogs.

HEN. Five thousand dollars going to the dogs!

LAW. Well, I'll rectify the error. I must be going. Where did I leave my hat? (*They all search the room. LAW. finds the WAND.'s old hat.*) What—what's this? Did I wear that? (*He tries it on and hastily takes it off again.*) No, no! that can't be mine!

CAR. The tramp must have left it.

LAW. Tramp?

CAR. There was a tramp here. We gave him a lunch.

EM. And he forgot his hat, poor man.

LAW. But where's mine? I can't wear that! (*They take up the search again. At length HEN. finds it and gives it to him.*) Thank you, thank you. But how did it come there?

HEN. I didn't put it there.

LAW. Nor I. But how —

CAR. It probably fell off the table.

EM. And rolled there.

LAW. (*brushing it on his sleeve*). Probably, probably. Well, I'll bid you good-day, ladies.

CAR. Good-bye.

EM. Good-evening, Mr. Lawless.

LAW. Good-evening, good-evening.

[*Exit, c.*]

HEN. That's settled.

CAR. Yes, that's settled.

HEN. (*indicating the old hat*). Throw that old thing away.

EM. Why, he might come back for it.

HEN. Throw it away. Burn it up.

EM. Henrietta.

CAR. Oh, see, there are initials scratched on the band in ink.

EM. Let me see. B. O. B. Why, how funny!

HEN. Funny?

EM. B. O. B.,—Bartholomew O'Neil Burridge.

CAR. (*wonderingly*). Why —

EM. You don't suppose —

HEN. Suppose nothing. Are you foolish?

CAR. It would be so improbable.

EM. Of course it's impossible. But just the same, B. O. B. —

HEN. B. O. B., huh! Barney O'Brien! Don't be a fool!

(*She picks up the hat and goes out R. EM. and CAR. look at each other for a moment.*)

EM. Of course it's impossible. But it's funny, isn't it?

CAR. It's funny, yes. But impossible.

CURTAIN

New Plays

ELMWOOD FOLKS

A Drama in Three Acts

By Charles S. Bird

Author of "*At the Function*," etc.

Eight males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors, one exterior. Plays a full evening. An easy and very actable piece with an unusually even cast of characters. Clean, wholesome and entertaining; can be recommended for school performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

DAVID BAINBRIDGE, *editor of the Elmwood "Item."*

JAMES WENTWORTH, *an old compositor.*

SQUIRE ALFORD, *a hard man.*

DICK ALFORD, *his stepson, a young lawyer.*

WHITTIER JONES, *a contributor to the "Item."*

TOMMY GAY, *David's apprentice.*

MR. PINCH, *an officer.*

A MESSENGER BOY.

MRS. BAINBRIDGE, *David's wife.*

BESSIE BAINBRIDGE, *their daughter.*

DRUCILLA JONES, *Whittier's aunt.*

MARY GAY, *Mrs. Bainbridge's maid. Tommy's sister.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Office of the Elmwood *Item*.

ACT II.—Lawn beside the Bainbridge home.

ACT III.—Parlor in the same.

HER UNCLE'S BOOTS

A Farce in One Act

By Mrs. Myrtle Barber Carpenter

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. An easy and effective little play suitable for Girls' Schools or young people in amateur theatricals. Very funny, but with a sympathetic thread of interest. Clean and bright. Recommended.

Price, 15 cents

AN OUTSIDER

A College Play for Girls in One Act

By Wilhemien Wilkes

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays thirty-five minutes. An unusually strong and sympathetic little play for its length and pretensions, strongly recommended to schools. The story turns upon a basket-ball match and is full of interest.

Price, 15 cents

New Farces and Comedies

HIGBEE OF HARVARD

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Charles Townsend

Five males, four females. Modern costumes; scenes, two interiors and an exterior—the latter may be played as well in an interior, if preferred. Plays a full evening. A clever, up-to-date piece, well suited for amateur performance. No small parts; all good. Good plot, full of incident, no love-making, interest strong and sustained.

Price, 15 cents

A REGIMENT OF TWO

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

By Anthony E. Wills

Six males, four females. Modern costumes. Scene, an interior, the same for all three acts. Plays a full evening. A lively, up-to-date farce, easy to produce and full of laughs from beginning to end. All the parts good—no small ones. German comedy characters for both male and female, and “wild west” character part and English character comedy. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE MISSING MISS MILLER

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Harold A. Clarke

Six males, five females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes modern. Plays a full evening. A bright and up-to-date farce-comedy of the liveliest type. All the parts good; full of opportunity for all hands. Easy to produce and strongly recommended. Good tone; might answer for schools, but is a sure hit for amateur theatricals. Professional stage rights reserved.

Price, 25 cents

MISS BUZBY'S BOARDERS

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Arthur Lewis Tubbs

Five male, six female characters. Costumes modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays two hours. In a lighter vein than this writer's other pieces, but just as strong, and offers plenty of comedy. All the parts good; four call for strong acting. Several good character parts and effective heavy character. Dialogue especially good. A sure hit.

Price, 25 cents

By the Author of "Mr. Bob"

THE NEW CRUSADE

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Rachel Baker Gale

Twelve females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays one hour and thirty minutes. A very amusing satire of the servant girl question, brimful of telling incidents and effective lines. All the parts are good and of nearly equal opportunity, and practically play themselves. Well rehearsed, it is a sure success and goes with a scream. Irish, negro and Swede character parts and a "tough" girl. Strongly recommended for ladies' clubs. Can be played only on payment of a royalty of \$5.00 to the author.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MISS MORRIS, *nothing if not businesslike.*

MRS. COGSWELL-BROWN, *who believes in coöperative housekeeping.*

MRS. POTTER-HEWITT, *who looks small, but is not.*

MRS. RAYMOND, *who advocates "The New Crusade."*

MRS. ARCHIBALD TRACEY, *in search of a maid and experience.*

BRIDGETT MAHONEY, *in search of "an ould gintleman."*

MARY MACGUIRE, *who likes "the theyatre in the winter toime."*

AUGUSTA OLSEN, *who comes from "Sveden for big monay."*

CASSIE CLAY, *who never "takes suggestions from anybody."*

JENNIE BURCH, *who never "has time for afternoon tea."*

MATILDA JOHNSON, *who likes "slaughtermobiles and a choffer."*

MERRY, *the settlement girl—who's always "on de level."*

COATS AND PETTICOATS

A Comedy in One Act

By Rachel Baker Gale

One male (played by a woman), seven females, and if desired, sixteen girls for chorus. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays forty-five minutes. A very lively and amusing piece introducing fancy dresses, music and dancing. All the parts of about equal opportunity. Irish comedy part and two capital "old maids." Very funny and not difficult. Complete with music for the Suffragettes' song and march and the Old Maids' song and march. Very strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

AN EASY MARK

A Farce in One Act

By Innis Gardner Osborn

Five males, two females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays thirty-five minutes. A side-splitting farce of college life lively enough to suit the most exacting demands. Full of funny incident and telling lines. Burlesque actor and "tough" young man parts; the rest "straight" and all good. Recommended for schools. *Price, 15 cents.*

New Farces

THE ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts

By Marie J. Warren

Four males, three females. Costumes modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays an hour and a half. A bright and ingenious little play, admirably suited for amateur acting. Written for and originally produced by Wellesley College girls. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

TOMMY'S WIFE

A Farce in Three Acts

By Marie J. Warren

Three males, five females. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Originally produced by students of Wellesley College. A very original and entertaining play, distinguished by abundant humor. An unusually clever piece, strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

ALL CHARLEY'S FAULT

An Original Farce in Two Acts

By Anthony E. Wills

Six males, three females. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes modern. Plays two hours. A very lively and laughable piece, full of action and admirably adapted for amateur performance. Dutch and Negro comedy characters. Plays very rapidly with lots of incident and not a dull moment. Free for amateurs, but professional stage rights are reserved by the author. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

OUT OF TOWN

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Bell Elliot Palmer

Three males, five females. Scene, an interior, the same for all three acts; costumes modern. Plays an hour and a half. A clever and interesting comedy, very easy to produce and recommended for amateur performance. Tone high and atmosphere refined. All the parts good. A safe piece for a fastidious audience, as its theme and treatment are alike beyond reproach.

Price, 25 cents

New Rural Plays

VALLEY FARM

A Drama in Four Acts

By Arthur Lewis Tubbs

Six males, six females. Scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Costumes modern. This play is powerfully emotional, but is relieved by plenty of humor. An admirable play for amateurs, very sympathetic in theme, and with lots of good parts. Hetty is a strong lead, and Perry Deane and Silas great parts; while Azariah, Lizy Ann Tucker and Verbenia are full of fun. Plays a full evening.

Price, 25 cents

WILLOWDALE

A Play in Three Acts

By Arthur Lewis Tubbs

Seven males, five females. Scenery, two easy interiors; costumes modern. This is a play of exceptional interest and power. Its combination of humor and emotional interest makes it almost certain to please any audience. Admirably suited for amateur performance, all the parts being good. Godfrey is an admirable heavy part, Joel, Lem and Simon capital character parts, Mis' Hazey a novel eccentric bit, and Oleander a part of screaming comedy. Plays two hours and a quarter.

Price, 25 cents

DOWN IN MAINE

A Drama in Four Acts

By Charles Townsend

Eight male, four female characters. This charming play is Mr. Townsend's masterpiece. There are no villains, no "heroics," no tangled plot nor sentimental love-scenes; yet the climaxes are strong, the action brisk, and the humor genial, and the characters strongly drawn. Can be played in any hall; scenery, of the easiest sort. No shifting during any act. Properties, few and simple; costumes modern. Plays a full evening. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

BAR HAVEN

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Gordan V. May

Six males, five females. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior, not difficult. Plays two hours. An excellent piece, cleverly mingling a strongly serious interest with abundant humor. Offers a great variety of good parts of nearly equal opportunity. Admirably suited for amateur performance, and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

New Plays

THE SAWDUST QUEEN

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Dana F. Stevens

Author of "Plain People," "Old Acre Folk," etc.

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. A play of circus life, very picturesque and effective and not difficult to get up. Unusually rich in character parts and comedy. Soubrette lead; ladies' parts especially strong. Can be recommended. Free for amateur performance. *Price, 25 cents.*

CHARACTERS

DEACON MATTHEW STERLING.

NED STERLING, *his son.*

MISS PRUDENCE PRUE,

MISS PATRICIA PROSSITT, } *three maiden ladies, his cousins.*

MISS PATIENCE PROUTY,

MR. SILAS HANKUM, *his solicitor.*

ADANIRUM GEORGE WASHINGTON HOBBS, *proprietor of "The Great Forever Circus."*

TONEY O'HARA, *an old clown.*

THE HERR PROFESSOR, *acrobat and flying trapeze man.*

HULDA SCHWARTZ, *strong lady and snake charmer.*

STARLIGHT, *the sawdust queen.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Inside the dressing tent of "The Great Forever Circus."

ACT II.—Three days later. The living room in the Sterling homestead.

ACT III.—Several days later. Inside the dressing tent again.

THE SUMMERVILLE BAZAR

An Entertainment in One Act

By Frank Towslee

Twenty-one males, thirty-one females are called for, but this number can be greatly reduced by "doubling" or by curtailing the length of the entertainment. No scenery required; costumes, modern. Plays about an hour with specialties introduced when called for. This is a humorous picture of a church sale, depending upon its characters and incidents, which are home thrusts in almost any community, for its success. It ends with a sale by auction which may be made a real one, if desired, to actually end up a fair. This entertainment will serve as an admirable frame for a vaudeville entertainment, being designed to introduce songs, dances or recitations at intervals in its action, but may be played wholly without them, as a straight entertainment, if it is preferred. *Price, 25 cents.*

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FEB 17 1912



A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

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No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts



The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

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